

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Badolante, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sunday School prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. L. S. Morris, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.45 P. M. People's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7.45 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45 P. M. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45 P. M.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Freemont Street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school, 12 M. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening in Chapel parlor.

UNITED CHURCH (Episcopal).—Liberty Street. Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock. Second service, 7.30 P. M. except first Sunday in month, when it is at 8.45 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

HORN CHAPEL.—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3.30 P. M. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardello, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 A. M. High mass, 10.30 A. M. Vespers, 3 P. M. Sunday school, 2.30 P. M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 P. M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATKINSVILLE M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. R. Egbert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday school, 2.30 P. M. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 8 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 P. M. Children's class for religious instruction Saturday at 3 P. M.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—(Watkinsville.) Rev. James P. Fancien, Rector. Service, Sunday 10.45 A. M., 7.45 P. M. Sunday school, at 8.30 A. M. Seats free. All are invited.

GRISMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school 2 P. M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening at 7.45.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P. M. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Prayer and conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.—(Bloomfield Ave.)—Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 A. M., Rev. Mr. Furr. Sabbath school 3 P. M., E. A. Smith, Sup't. Preaching 7.30 P. M., Rev. J. H. Cooley.

LITERARY NOTES.

Journalistic Barbarism.

Enterprise in journalism is a very poor cover and lame excuse for violating all the sacredness of social and particularly, home life. Defended as it may be, it is simply converting the columns of a paper into scandal and gossip-mongers, and opens the doors for the widest abuse, to the washing of extremely soiled and often noisome family linen, the pandering to most vitiated and base appetites, the debauchery of public minds, and the creating in young minds of a taste fatal to all the ethics of purity and honor.

To such a pass has this license been indulged in, that little if anything, is held sacred from its foul touch. Time was when the hearth of home was hedged about with as much of divinity as ever mythically surrounded a king. The fire-side has no recognized barriers around it now. Time was when shy young love was permitted to breathe vows unmolesied, and the blushes of modesty were unknown save by moon, star and breeze, and they never whispered of them. That happy day has passed. Time was when marriage was not fulsomely paraded in type, even to the uttermost fraction of dress. We have sadly outlived such tenderness and respect. Time was when death was looked upon with awe, and regarded as holy from outside intermediation, and curious and prying eyes were not turned upon tearful faces, sobbing breasts and broken hearts. We have unmercifully gotten beyond such reverence, and nothing is permitted to screen corpse and coffin.

The audacity of news-gatherers has become something not only wonderful, but absolutely appalling. Barred from the parlor, the interviewer bribes servants and worms out family secrets. Engagements between young people are held to be public property, and the wardrobe of the bride might as well be aired to the public gaze on a clothes line in the open street. Even the most concealed of her garments are described and criticised, the number of ticks counted, the lace patterned, and we are told to a fraction the size of her corset, and length, color, fineness and cost of her hose. The wedding bells are made to proclaim, as from the house-tops, every phase of the ceremony, and a messenger, swift as Mercury, with eyes as sharp as one of the Furies, follows from church to hotel, and can scarcely be shut out from the bed-chamber. Funerals are gala occasions for the barbarian journalist. Corpse, shroud, flowers, mourners are looked upon as legitimate plunder, and the procession dogged, inspected and described until the earth has rattled down with its hollow and unnerving sound upon the coffin.

The law, as laid down by Sir Edward Coke, that the house of a man was his castle, has become a mockery—it is utterly disregarded. Morbid curiosity sits at his table, and eager and impatient desire rocks by his fireside. The most minute skeleton hidden in closet, or concealed beneath hearthstone, is pried out by the lever of the enterprising journalist, articulated and hung up to the public gaze. The slightest deviation from the right, no matter how deeply buried by years and penitently atoned for, is ascertained and enlarged upon, and as of yesterday. The very walls of our houses appear to have been turned into telephones, and bells to be furnished with telegraphic connections with newspaper offices.

Under cover of the term "Society," the broadest scope is given to matters that are rightfully private. The once limit is no longer apparent; the once "thus far shalt thou go and no further," without the slightest binding force, the only stay being the impossibility of finding out more.

The liberty of the press has degenerated into the grossest of abuse of the cov-

the law of libel. One might as well live with open doors and windows, or have with repeating speaking tubes leading from every room into the street, that all who desired might listen. The ubiquitous reporter appears to have acquired diabolical, ear-trumpet described by poor Tom Hood, for no one thing that transpires escapes him; and his fertile imagination magnifies the most minute and disreputable of mountains.

Public life, actions and utterances become, by their very nature, public property, and are proper subjects for comment—for trial, so to speak, within reasonable grounds. Private conversations, acts, credits, and affairs of the heart are not—never should be; and the line of demarcation should be sternly and deeply drawn between the two—drawn, and strictly respected, or the penalty for crossing is severe in the extreme.

The stealing of one's good name is as much—aye, more of robbery, than the felonious abstracting of his purse from his pocket; the breaking into his private chamber, for personal gossip, a more nefarious burglary than plundering money-drawer or iron chest. The fair name, reputation and virtue of wife and daughter are sacred—the dearest of all earthly treasures—something gold and currency cannot purchase, and which, once tarnished, can never be restored to its pristine spotlessness. The credit of the merchant is more to him than his bank account; more valuable than any stocks sold in Wall street, than shares in gold mines, than ships on broad seas.

Yet all the sanctities of life are ruthlessly violated by the "Satanic press," and for what? The only justification pleaded is enterprise—the gathering of news, desire to place before the public everything of interest or importance.

The theory is unsound; the premises false. They are based upon the most sordid of motives and wanton disregard of all the amenities that make life pleasant and worth the living. vivid descriptions of death upon the scaffold, the last dying speech and confession, the contortions of agony and the choking out of breath may be possibly defended upon the ground of public policy and police regulations; but matters of home-life cannot by any stretch of imagination. It is simply the abuse of a questionable custom. It is the overstraining of a self-made law that was monstrous in the conception, is infamous in its workings, and deadly in its results. It is the "put-money-in-thy-purse" doctrine, without the slightest regard to the feelings or rights of others, to truth, manhood, honor or common decency.

It is true there is a class of papers above such vile intermeddling, such "ear at the keyhole" business, such despoiling of moral graves, such lowering, debasing and making merchandise of the most holy of our nature. Would that it could be written of all! From a very small beginning it has enlarged, even as a circle in the water, until it touches the higher and the thither shore of the social fabric, shocks the very nerve centers of the human heart, alarms religion and threatens the body politic. Tolerated at first, simply tolerated because of lax indifference, the evil has grown and multiplied until its size is monstrous and its name is legion, and its assumption beyond parallel. It has overstepped all bounds of decency, trampled under foot every particle of restraint, and is leaving its serpent slime upon everything clean and pure and as near the divine as anything earthly can be.

It is time to call for, to demand a halt. Forbearance has long since ceased to be a virtue. Aided by the most execrable of woodcuts and abortions of electros, it has become worse than intrusive, has become brutal. It is time for every publication having the least claims to respectability to raise their voices in severe condemnation, and use their columns as a lash to scour the scullions and bandits of journalism to the driving back into the ways of decency and a just regard for the rights of others.

Against such a villainous prostitution of journalism every lover of good order, fair dealing and the sanctity of life should rise in rebellion and wage an unceasing warfare until the hideous monstrosity is not only scotched, but killed beyond every possibility of resurrection.

It can, should be done, and that right speedily. The longer the delay the greater the undertaking will be. The contamination is continually spreading, the foul disease is contagious, is becoming epidemic, and there is no time for delay. Such journalism is a cancerous ulcer that is eating its way to the very heart of all that is noble, refining, exalting; it is moral leprosy that is fast spreading over the entire body of the press (to a greater or lesser degree), and the knife should be used unsparingly and unflinchingly, and the eradicating mixture administered with a liberal hand.—*The Northeastern Trades Gazette.*

An Amusing Trial in Newark.

Wm. Harrison, a colored man, was placed on trial for assault and battery on Isabella Johnson, a colored woman. This proved to be a most amusing case. Isabella testified that she and Mrs. Harrison were at a dance in the house of John Nellis, when Harrison came in and wanted his wife to go home. She did not want to go, and they had some words. The witness continued: "Mrs. Harrison, she said, 'Harrison, if you want to beat me, please take me home and beat me; don't beat me here before company,' and then Harrison he went for her, and I took her part, and he hit me over the eye with a kittle." John Nellis was called, and Assistant Prosecutor Crane asked him what he saw of the trouble.

Nellis—Well, I saw my pail broke. I considered it was broke over the head of this lady. [Laughter.]

Mr. Crane—What kind of a pail was it?

Nellis—Well, it was a small beer pail.

Mr. Crane—How was it broken?

Nellis—Well, I considered it was broken over the head of this lady. Harrison came up, and he wanted his wife to go

lady came in, and then the pail went to work. [Laughter.] I went out and when I came back the pail looked like a wrecked schooner. It was all bent up.

Harrison took the stand in his own behalf. He said: "Judge, this lady stayed at my house; she was a six months' visitor; she made two visits a year, and stayed six months each time [laughter]; when I got home that night she had a white man in the house, and she says, 'Harrison, don't you think nothing about this white gentleman being here.' Then she said she was going to Nellis to a dance; by and by she went up; by and by I went, too, and about one o'clock I wanted my wife to go home, but she said there was more beer coming and she was bound to have some; and then I picked her up to carry her out, and this lady came for me and she hit me on the head. Judge, I didn't strike her at all."

The Court found Harrison guilty and sentenced him to one month in the Penitentiary.

A Noble Charity.

The annual meeting of the Board of Governors of Essex Homoeopathic Hospital was held on Monday, at 10 A. M., at the Hospital, when the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. David N. Ropes; Vice-President, Mrs. F. B. Mandell; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles Dutton; Corresponding Secretary, Miss J. O. Brewster; Treasurer, Mrs. John H. Bradley.

The annual report of the Corresponding Secretary was presented, from which the following extracts are made:

"The first year of the Essex Homoeopathic Hospital as an organization has come to a close, though the Hospital has only been open for the reception of patients nine months. There were some who felt that the Hospital was not needed, but the result has proved that it is. The work is no longer an experiment."

"A house was leased on Chestnut street, East Orange, which, though attractive in appearance, was not well situated for the work, but it was used as a Hospital for nine months."

"Fifty patients have been admitted during the nine months; nine patients are now in the Hospital; several difficult operations have been performed; there have been no deaths."

"The first of April the Hospital was moved to a house on Main street, corner of Grove. The situation is excellent, the house is in good condition, and we hope will prove all that we desire. There are fourteen rooms, some of which can be used as private rooms for patients. While the name of our institution is the Essex Homoeopathic Hospital, we receive no support from authorities of the county. The institution is incorporated under the laws of the State. Patients are received in the general wards for \$5 a week; those who are not able to pay this sum will be received by paying what their means will allow, while those who cannot pay anything will be received gratuitously."

"Too much cannot be said in praise of the self-sacrificing work of the physicians, coming, as many do, from a distance, and giving most liberally of their time and services. A large part of the success of the Hospital is due to their devotion. The Governors are indebted to several coal dealers for generous gifts of coal. They are also indebted to the press, who have kindly printed matters relating to the Hospital. To all who have assisted the good work in any way, we return sincere thanks, asking for their continued help in the future. There is no charity more Christ-like, and in ministering to the sick poor, we are following in the footsteps of the blessed Master, who 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'"

Cunning.

A lady had had some slight trouble with her cook, and the latter "fearing," as she said to a fellow-servant—"the grand bounce," wrote and mailed to her mistress the following letter in the name of a lady with whom she had formerly lived:

NEW YORK, March the 24th, 1886.

DEAR MISS HOWARD.

I am very glad that Annie is living with you. I gain I hope that she will be a good girl. I have heard last week, where she was and I am very glad, that she is not with my old friend. She is a good girl and she is honest as the days is long. I hope that you will be very strict with her. I do not like to have Annie Run Out at night. We have all ways bin very strict with Annie she has a home here as long as she live Annie has bin in this family for a grate munny years and I don't care to have Out all the time we are going a way and will not be Back for a long time and that is the Reason why I sent you a word about Annie she told me sun time a go that you was very nice and I hope that she will do Right. I will call when I Come back to the City a gain.

O Blige Mrs. C. C. R. A. W. M. AIN.

A DRUGGIST'S VERDICT: "During 30 years drug business, never have I sold an article giving such universal satisfaction as Palmer's 'Skin-Success.' People who suffered for years with various skin complaints are constantly returning perfectly cured to thank me for recommending 'Skin-Success.'"—G. R. Harris, J. C. Heights, N. J.

Landburg's Perfume, Edina.
Landburg's Perfume, Marchal Niel Rose.
Landburg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Landburg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

VICK'S
Floral Guide
Is a work of nearly 500 pages, containing full and complete descriptions of the best flowers and vegetables, prices of seeds, etc., etc. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cts. which may be deducted from the first order.
BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

Culver's Improved TUBULAR FURNACE.



With Anti-Chinker, Anti-Friction Gate, Stand-Up Shaker, durable castings, large heating capacity. The BEST FURNACE in the market. Call and examine it.

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COAL.

J. E. FREEMAN,
DEALER IN

LEHIGH and WYOMING COAL,

Best Quality, Well Screened and prepared for Family Use.

American Cannel Coal,

for Open Grates, \$8 per ton, delivered.

Office on Glenwood Avenue, and at Yard, Foot of Monroe Place.

Telephone 13.

SHERRIFF'S SALE.—IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.—Between John W. Krumm, complainant, and Carolina Henn, et al, defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the eighteenth day of May next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning at the southeast corner of the house lot of Beers Hard (now John Archdeacon) on the street leading from the turnpike to the Baptist Church; thence (1) south sixty-six degrees and forty minutes, east along said street fifty-five feet; thence (2) north twenty-one degrees and thirty-five minutes, east one hundred and eleven feet and a half to the line of Mrs. Charles Wharry's thence (3) along the said Mrs. Wharry's line north seventy-one degrees and thirty-five minutes, west thirty inches; thence (4) north twenty-one degrees and thirty-five minutes, east twenty-five feet; thence (5) north sixty-six degrees and forty minutes, west thirty feet; thence (6) along Beers Hard's line south twenty-one degrees and thirty-five minutes, west one hundred and thirty-five feet to the place of beginning. Containing sixteen hundredths of an acre, be the same more or less.

Being the same premises conveyed to the said Peter Henn by Huldorf W. Casterline and wife by deed dated April 1, 1884, and recorded in the clerk's office of the county of Essex, in Book Q 19 of Deeds for said county, page 549, &c.

Newark, N. J., March 16, 1886.

WILLIAM H. BROWN, Sheriff.

GUILD & LEM, Sol'rs. \$5.40

APRIL 3, 1886.

ESTATE OF ISRAEL C. WARD, Deceased.

Pursuant to the order of Joseph L. Munn, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, Executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

R. HALSTED WARD,
EDWARD G. WARD,
THEODORE H. WARD,
ANNA L. WARD.

MARCH 4, 1886.

ESTATE OF JOHN GREACEN, Jr. Deceased.

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH L. MUNN, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, one of the Executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

STANLEY GREACEN.

Wanted:

Old Books of all descriptions, Pamphlets, Magazines of all sorts, etc., for Cash. Whole Libraries purchased, at Newark's "Old" Bookstore, 559 1/2 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
CHAS. H. DRESSER, Prop'r.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

(Corrected to date.)

Del., Lack. & Western Railroad.

LEAVE BLOOMFIELD FOR NEW YORK:

(Glenwood Avenue Station.)

6.08, 7.19, 7.56, 8.32, 9.19, 10.39, 11.39

A. M. 12.46, 1.45, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29,

6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, P. M.,

12.39 A. M.

NOTE.—Leave Glen Ridge 2 minutes earlier, Waterside 2 minutes later than time given above.

LEAVE NEW YORK FOR BLOOMFIELD:

(Barclay St. Ferry.)

6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 A. M.

12.40, 2.10, 3.40, 4.30, 4.50, 5.30,

6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.30 P. M.

*Does not stop at Newark.

Leave Christopher St. 5 minutes later.

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Light and Heavy Harness,

Horse Equipments, Trunks, Whips, Robes, Blankets, Nets, Cham-ois, Neatsfoot Oil and Axle Grease.

Hoof Ointment, &c., &c.

Everything that is usually kept in a First-class Harness Store can be found at

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FLOUR,

Is acknowledged by the leading experts of New York to be

THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

That it will make whiter, finer tasted bread and more pounds of bread to the barrel.

EVERY BARREL IS GUARANTEED.

If you want the Best insist on

having the

GOLD MEDAL

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For Sale by the leading first-class Grocers.

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GREAT REDUCTION

IN

Flour and Butter.

Flour \$6.00, \$6.25, and \$6.50

per bbl.

Butter, Choice Creamery, 25 cents per Pound.

Butter, Best New Grass, 25 cents per Pound.

Butter, Good Dairy, 20 cents per pound.

L. DAWKINS', Grocer,

Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

WALL PAPERS,

WINDOW SHADES,

Curtain Poles and Cornices.

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Plain and Decorative Wall Papers of the Latest Designs. All the Latest colors in Holland and Window Shades.

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